

A NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENT !

One of DUNKERLEY and FRANK'S Beautifully-finished Umbrellas, on Fox's Celebrated Frames, retail at Manufacturers' Prices, at
7. SWAN STREET, MANCHESTER.

NOW OPEN.

GERMAN
FAIR.
WHAITE'S,
BRIDGE ST.

CHRISTMAS
AND
NEW YEAR'S
PRESENTS.

ONE HUNDRED
THOUSAND
PENNY TOYS

CHURCH
AND
SCHOOL
DECORATIONS.

AVIARY
FERNERY,
AND
FAIRY GLEN

THE WAR
IN
AFGHANISTAN

SILVER
CHRISTMAS
TREE.

ILLUMINATION

The Monster Silver
Christmas Tree, 25ft
high, will be ILLU-
MINATED EVERY
EVENING, at the

GERMAN FAIR,
WHAITE'S
BRIDGE ST.,
MANCHESTER.

ADMISSION:
SIXPENCE
EACH.

TO BUYERS OF GENUINE WINES.

SHERRIES..... 21s., 24s., 30s.
PORT 24s., 30s., 36s.
CLARETS 12s., 16s., 24s.

The Wines are the produce of farms situated in the most favoured localities, and are of high character in style and value; and their prices, from low to high, will advantageously compete with all others.


R. WEAVER & CO.,
4. NORFOLK STREET, MANCHESTER.

ONE PENNY.
No. 162 Vol. IV.

CITY

ONE PENNY
Dec. 20, 1878.

JACKDAW



TO BAZAARS.—Large Selection of SUITABLE ARTICLES;
liberal discount allowed.—OWEN'S Bazaar, 80, Deansgate.

TO CLUBS.—CHESS MEN, DRAUGHTS, DOMINOES,
PLAYING CARDS, PUFF and DART BOARDS; liberal discount allowed.—
OWEN'S, 80, Deansgate.

GO BANG, the popular game. 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s.;
Table Croquet, 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d.; Fish Ponds, amusing round game, 5s.,
7s. 6d.; Squalls, 6s., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d.—OWEN'S, 80, Deansgate.

SWISS MUSICAL BOXES for 4s.; most popular airs;
large selection to choose from.—OWEN'S Bazaar, 80, Deansgate.

Appointed by the
Lords of Admiralty
Builders and Tanners
to the Queen.

SPENCER BROS.,
Organ, Piano, and
Harmonium Manu-
facturers to the trade,
Higher Ardwick, Man-
chester. Works: 9,
Chancery Lane.
Reeds, Bellows, Keys
and Fittings supplied.

Harmoniums from
£3. 10s.

Organs, Pianos, and
Harmoniums Tuned
and repaired. Tuners
sent to all parts.

Pianos Tune!, 3s. 6d.

TO WHOLESALE
BUYERS.

GREAT SALE
OF BOOTS.

15 o/o Discount for
Cash.

For the following
Few Weeks only.

AT
JOHN REED'S,
53a,
HIGH STREET
MANCHESTER.

OYSTERS
12

For a Shilling,
At the Dépôt of

LA SOCIEDAD
ANDALUZA,
DUCIE BUILDINGS
BANK ST.,
ENTRANCE:
13, HALF MOON ST.

OYSTERS
A SHILLING
A DOZEN.

ESTABLISHED
116 YEARS.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.
KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

DEANSGATE,
70.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG AND BROTHER,
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision.

Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

At once moment the {CHIRETTA BALSAM} relieves the most violent Cough, cures BRONCHITIS in its worst form, 1s. 14d. per Bottle. Patentee
METHUEN (late Bowker and Methuen), 332, DEANSGATE. Sold by most Chemists.

DON'T MISS THIS! **ENORMOUS CHRISTMAS GIFTS,** **FOR PRESENTS,** **For 2s. 6d.** **NEVER EQUALLED.** **LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S.**

Expressly for the benefit of the readers of the City Jackdaw.

NOTICE.—With every Gentleman's Gift this week will be presented gratis a splendid Set of Black Studs, and with each Lady's a Pair of beautiful Black Star Garnet Earrings. Messrs. Stewart, Dawson, & Co. have the pleasure to announce that on account of the extraordinary Patronage during the last twelve months for their Watches and Goods from every corner of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the hundreds of letters received daily from all parts of Great Britain and Foreign Countries, has induced us to offer to every one of our customers and readers of the City Jackdaw the following

MONSTER GIFTS OF JEWELLERY, **For the small sum of 2s. 6d. each.**

From the position we enjoy as Manufacturers and Wholesale Jewellers, with a thorough knowledge of our business and plenty of capital at command, will enable us to make these gifts simply unequalled for value in the history of advertising. Our facilities for despatching all orders by first return of post has gained us a world-wide repute. The exact number of Packages (including Watches) posted by us for Great Britain, independent of other countries, from January 1 to October 1, 1878, was

47,853.

To those many thousands of customers we return our best thanks, and think the best acknowledgment we can make them is by giving them in return these

Grand Christmas Gifts.

An opportunity of purchasing an ordinary retail 12s. 6d. worth of Jewellery for the small sum of 2s. 6d. Each of these gifts comprises six magnificent articles of the newest style, as stated below, and will be pronounced by all entirely without an equal.

LADIES'

Grand Presentation Christmas Gift,

of the following

Six Elegant Articles for 2s. 6d.

Lady's Set of Magnificent Deep-Coloured Gold or Silver Earrings and Brooch, newest style—honestly worth retail 2s. 6d. Lady's very handsome Massive engraved Pendant for the Neck, and Elegant Neck Chain to match—the two are usually sold at 1s. 6d. Lady's Elegant Long Guard Chain to match the above—well worth, retail, at least 2s. 6d. Lady's (new style) Ketto Keeper Ring, with the words "Ever thine" or "Forget me Not"—cheap at 1s. 6d.

GENTLEMEN'S

Grand Presentation Christmas Gift,

of the following

Six Beautiful Articles for 2s. 6d.

Gentleman's Magnificent Gold Plated Albert, the New Fashionable Cable Pattern, with handsome Spade Ace Guinea Appendage—usual retail price 2s. 6d. Gent's Elegant Set of Gold-Case Studs, including Collar Stud, very handsome, worth retail, 2s. Gent's new style Beautiful Three-point Snake Scarf Ring, plain or beautifully engraved, worth 2s. 6d. Gent's Pair of splendid Patent Spring Top Elonged Buttons, gold plated, to match Studs, worth retail, 1s. 6d. Gent's Elegant Coral Scarf Pin, new design, very select, worth retail, 1s. 6d.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GRAND PRESENTATION CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

This Coupon entitles the sender, on the payment of 2s. 6d. (by P.O.D.), to either of the above Ladies' or Gentlemen's Gifts of Jewellery, or on the payment of 4s. 10d. to both, to be sent safe and free by first return of post.

P.O.D. payable at G.P.O., Liverpool, to Stewart, Dawson, & Co.

Stamps taken if One Penny extra is sent for changing.

CITY JACKDAW.

Address all Letters—
STEWART, DAWSON, & CO., Park Road, Liverpool.

P.S.—As the above Gifts may not appear again in the City Jackdaw, every reader should secure one or more at once, by cutting out the above Coupon and forwarding it to us, together with P.O.D. or stamps, with name and full address written on piece of paper, saying whether Lady's or Gentleman's Gift is required, or both. As these are genuine Gifts in favour of our many customers and readers of the City Jackdaw, no Gift will be sent without the above Coupon, except when 2s. 6d. is remitted, the ordinary retail price.

WHISKERS, MOUSTACHIOUS, **And a** **LUXURIANT HEAD OF HAIR**

Created in a miraculously short time by using the Celebrated

Mexican Hair Producer.

Full Particulars sent for Seven Stamps.

Address:

HENRY JOHNSON, 22, Wivenhoe Road, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.

PAGE WOODCOCK'S **WIND PILLS**

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH.

GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION.

GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE.

GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN.

GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS.

GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT.

GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the

STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each; or free for 14, 20, or 54 stamps, from

PAGE D. WOODCOCK,
CALVERT STREET, NORWICH.

GOOD HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

JAMES'S LIFE PILLS.

This great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of life.

These famous Pills purify the Blood, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these great Main Springs of Life. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

JAMES'S LIFE PILLS Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled for Beautifying and Refreshing the Skin. They never fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life.

1s. 14d. a Box, at all Chemists.

WHOLESALE:
J. E. TOMLINSON & Co., 10, Shudehill.

EDWIN WAUGH'S WORKS.

Fcap. 8vo., 1s.

OLD CRONIES; OR, WASSAIL AT A COUNTRY INN. Containing new Songs, the humorous tales of "Th' Wick Seck," "The Painter's Story," "The King and the Volunteers," and other traits and sketches.

"Ray dialogue and genial humour, both characteristic of the author, are conspicuous in this story."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"The tales, &c., are sure to be intensely popular."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Fcap. 8vo., 1s.

JANNOCK; OR, THE BOLD TRENCHMAN. Containing the incident of the Man who eat the Goose, the Parson and the Wasps, and an interesting account of the daily life of the Rev. Robt. Walker.

"Humour, poetry, graceful description, and touches of true pathos, are qualities always to be found in Mr. Waugh's writings, and are especially conspicuous in this."—*The Critic.*

"We can with confidence predict a treat in store for all those who intend to peruse Jannock."—*Stockport Advertiser.*

Fcap. 8vo., 1s.

A GREEN NOOK OF OLD ENGLAND; "An Odd Angle of the Isle." A very interesting account of a visit to the old town of Ipswich and its vicinity; the birthplace of Constable, and other places of note in the neighbourhood.

"His sympathy with nature is no less vivid in Suffolk than in Lancashire."—*Manchester Examiner.*

Price Threepence.

THE SEXTON'S STORY OF JOE'S ADVENTURE IN ROCHDALE CHURCHYARD.

Price 2s. 6d., cloth.

RAMBLER AND REVERIES; a Miscellany of various Original and Reprinted Pieces.

Abel Heywood and Son, Manchester and London.

COMMERCIAL INSTRUCTION ROOMS, **60, PRINCESS STREET.**

TRANSLATION, Tuition, Schools,
Private Classes, of and in EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC LANGUAGES (Chinese included), by
MONSIEUR K. ROUVEZ.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

DR. JOHNSON'S "SOLODYNE" has been extensively used for the last 30 years for the permanent cure of all forms of NERVOUS DEBILITY including palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, dimness of sight, trembling of hands and limbs, noises in head and ears, love of solitude, melancholy, weakness, nervousness, unfitness for study, society or business, loss of energy and want of appetite, which, if neglected, and in consumption, insanity, and early death. The remarkable success of this remedy has brought the proprietor hundreds of unsolicited testimonials, and prove beyond the possibility of doubt that this medicine is a certain remedy for these terrible disorders which indicate the speedy break-up of the constitution, but which can be easily prevented by a few doses of "SOLODYNE." Sold in bottles at 4s. 6d., 11s., and 33s.; a 33s. bottle is generally sufficient to cure the worst cases, and all who value their happiness and peace of mind should lose no time in possessing themselves of this remedy. Each bottle bears the proprietor's name and the Government stamp.—Sent anywhere on receipt of Post-office Order, payable at the General Post-office, to HENRY JOHNSON, 22, Wivenhoe Road, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.
In bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 33s.

A NEW

BOOK ON HANDRAILING.

PRICE 5s., CLOTH, POST FREE.

HANDRAILING ON THE BLOCK SYSTEM:

Being a simple mechanical method of constructing a wreath from the plan and elevation of the stairs, without the tedious mathematical process hitherto used. Illustrated with Copper-plate Diagrams.

BY WM. TWISS.

Abel Heywood and Son, Manchester and London.
Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

NOW READY.

POEMS & LANCASHIRE SONGS By EDWIN WAUGH.

Large Paper Edition, bound half morocco, Price 16s.

Small Edition, bound in cloth, 6s.

This Edition contains the whole of the Poems and Songs written by Mr. Waugh, and is elegantly printed on fine paper at the Chiswick Press, London. ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, Manchester and London; and all Booksellers.

WELL I AM SURPRISED

You should suffer so acutely from any disease caused by impure blood when the **UNIVERSAL MAGIC PURIFYING DROPS** are so justly acknowledged by all ranks of society to stand unrivalled for effectually purifying the stream of life from all latent disease, however stagnant, torpid, or impure it may be. They give brilliancy to the eye; a rosy, healthy hue to the face; a pearly whiteness to the teeth; a delightful fragrance to the breath; elasticity to the step; a buoyancy to the spirits; an edge to the appetite; a clear conception; pure blood; refreshing and exhilarating sleep to the debilitated system; in fact, they change the most shattered frame into health, strength, and vigour; whilst the mental and physical powers under their influence are so strengthened and fortified that all difficulties and obstacles are triumphantly met and conquered. Prices: 4s. 6d., 11s., and 33s. per Case. Prepared only by Messrs. WILKINSON and Co., Medical Hall, 4, Baker's Hill, Sheffield, and sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world; or should the least difficulty occur, they will be forwarded per return (carriage free) on receipt of the amount in stamps or post order by the Proprietors. Established 1830.

Upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Cases were sold last year.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers can order through our Wholesale Agents, BURGOYNE, BURBIDGES, & CO., Wholesale and Export Druggists, &c., 16, Coleman Street, London; MATHER, Farrington Road, London; and 84, Corporation Street, Manchester; Evans, Leascher, and Evans, 60, Bartholomew Close, London; Evans, Sons, and Co., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool; and Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

BAILEY'S WATER MOTORS

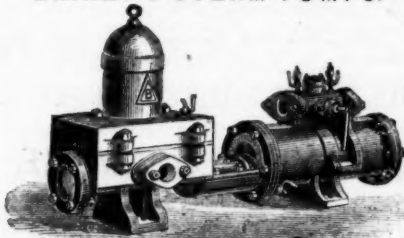
Power	Price
Quarter Horse	6.10.0
Half Horse	10.0.0
One Horse	12.10.0
2 Horse	15.0.0
3 Horse	25.0.0

Oscillating Steam Engines same price

W.H. BAILEY & CO ALBION WORKS SALFORD

HYDRAULIC ORGAN BLOWERS, £10.
HYDRAULIC HOISTS quoted for.

BAILEY'S STEAM PUMPS.



PRICES OF STEAM PUMPS.				
No.	Gallons Per Hour approx.	Price.	Price of Pump & Boiler Combined with all fittings.	
1	850	14	£56	0 0
2	1940	25	65	0 0
3	2900	30	80	0 0
4	5150	40	95	0 0
5	7300	40	95	0 0
6	7300	50	115	0 0
7	7300	60	135	0 0
8	12000	65	135	0 0
9	12000	75	160	0 0
10	12000	85	190	0 0

Injector and Fittings for Feeding Boiler, £4 extra. Chimneys extra, according to length.

ASK FOR CIRCULAR.

Sizes and Prices of VERTICAL BOILERS, complete with 2 Tubes and all fittings.

Approximate Horse power.	Size.	Prices.
1	Inches.	£ s. d.
1	36 x 21	16 10 0
1	42 x 21	17 10 0
1	48 x 24	21 10 0
2	48 x 24	22 10 0
2	48 x 27	22 10 0
2	54 x 27	26 10 0
2	54 x 30	27 10 0
3	60 x 30	40 10 0
3	60 x 33	44 0 0
4	66 x 36	51 10 0
4	66 x 42	53 10 0
5	72 x 42	62 10 0

BAILEY'S TEST PUMPS, £10, complete.

YARN & OTHER TESTERS, See Lists.

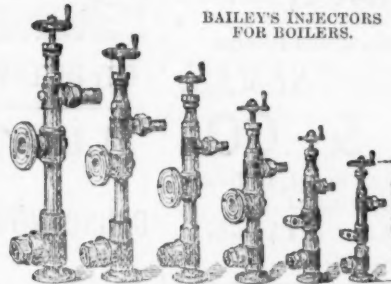
BAILEY'S ENGINE & BOILER COMPLETE

1 HORSE 30
2 " 37
3 " 42

W.H. BAILEY & CO ALBION WORKS SALFORD

MAKERS OF ALL SORTS OF ENGINE & BOILER FITTINGS, VALVES, GUAGES & ALARMS.

BAILEY'S INJECTORS FOR BOILERS.



BAILEY'S REDUCING VALVES.

PATENT DOUBLE LID VALVE

2 IN ONE

SAFETY VALVES.—See Lists.

New Designs in Valve Taps and other Steam Fittings

BAILEY'S PATENT PYROMETER FOR FLUES

4" DIAL

AS USED FOR TESTING THE WASTE HEAT IN FLUES

SEND FOR BAILEY'S PYROMETER AND INJECTOR LISTS.

ESTABLISHED HALF A CENTURY

BAILEY'S STABLE OR SCHOOL TIME PIECE

W.H. BAILEY & CO TURRET CLOCK MAKERS SELECTED TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, CHIEF RAILWAYS & CHURCHES

2 FT. DIAL RAISED LETTERS & BLUE GRINDING

2 FT. DIAL BLUE & GOLD

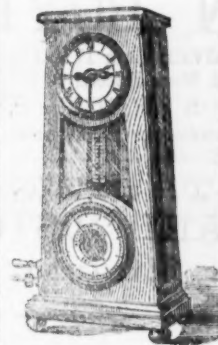
ALBION CLOCK & BELL WORKS, SALFORD, MANCHESTER



WIRE TO BE PULLED



Bailey's Watchman Clock & Watches of various sorts.



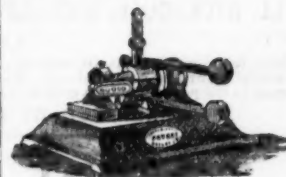
BAILEY'S PATENT STEAM GAUGE RECORDER, £10.



BAILEY'S PATENT SPEED INDICATORS.

4-in. £2 10s.
7-in. £4 4s.

TURNSTILES, &c.



BAILEY'S OIL TESTERS for indicating the lubricating value of Oil. For Spinners, &c., 4s. 6s. For Railway Company's, £20



For Churches, Mills, Residences. Either materials supplied or men sent to fix.

ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

Manufacturers—W. H. BAILEY & CO., Albion Works Oldfield Road, SALFORD

WEDDING CAKES

Forwarded to any Address. TEA, COFFEE, LUNCHEON, and DINNER ROOMS; Wine, Ale, Stout, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches. Breakfasts, Suppers, Silver Salvers, Stands, and Epergnes supplied.
J. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET. N.B.—Bow Window,

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

DECEMBER 20, 1873.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

It is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.

The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if required for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VIGGARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 21, Silver Street, Leicester.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
**FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
 JOHN BOYD & CO.,**

Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New
 and More Extensive Premises, situated
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,
 WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

**T. STENSBY,
 GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,**

11, HANGING DITCH.

Established 1810.

Established 1810.



PURE WATER.

**THE LATEST IMPROVED FILTER
 EXCELS ALL OTHERS.**

W. M. JOWETT AND CO.,

Sole Manufacturers of the Royal Prize Medal Patent
 Moulded Carbon Block and Loose Charcoal

RAPID WATER FILTERS,

Combining all the latest improvements.

IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD PRINCIPLE.

In these Filters there is a bush hole at the back which enables the user to draw off the water and cleanse the bottom of the Filter thoroughly when required, which it is necessary to do occasionally.

Patent Charcoal Block Pocket Filters
 From 1s. 6d. each.

Improved Self-Acting Cistern Filters. Main Service
 Filters from £2. 2s. each.

**AQUARIA, FERNCASE, and WINDOW CONSERVATORY
 MANUFACTURERS.**

Iron and Terra Cotta Garden and Table Vases, Fountains, Fountain Jets, Fancy Fern Stands; Rustic Terra Cotta Ware; all kinds of Horticultural Goods, Flower Boxes for Windows and Balconies, Fancy Tiles, Rockwork for Ferneries and Grottoes, Aquarium and Propagating Glasses, Fern Shades, Fish Globes, Water Bottles, Ferns, Aquatic Plants, Fish, Beetles, &c., in great variety; Fish for Storing; Live Bait always on hand.

CITY FILTER WORKS, 75, CORPORATION ST., MANCHESTER.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the Largest Assortment of

DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES

Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate, from the very best makers.

HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

GOODALL'S WORLD-RENOUNDED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

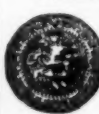


The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious puddings without eggs. Pastry without butter, and beautiful light bread without yeast.
 Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s. 2d., and 5s. Tins.

PREPARED BY

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, etc., it is indispensable.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

PREPARED BY

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.



The best and cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, etc., etc. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1/4d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle.

PREPARED BY

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

For making delicious Custards without eggs, in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally, as a useful agent in the preparation of a good Custard. Give it a trial. Sold in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, &c.

PREPARED BY **GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., WHITE HORSE STREET LEEDS.**

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,

Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

**New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,
 Shudehill, Manchester.**

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now Offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/1, 6/1, 7/1, 8/1, 2/1, 14/1, & 30/- per pair.—**6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.**

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 162.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SNOWDROPS AND SNOWFLAKES.

[BY LEONARD BRIGHT.]

SNOWDROPS adorned the lawn when my story opened; snowflakes were wrapped round the earth like a shroud when it closed. I might relate the sad narrative in my own words, but the reader will be better pleased, I think, if I let Lizzie Latimer, the chief character concerned, tell the tale herself.

CHAPTER I.—GATHERING CLOUDS.

My father was a clergyman of the Church, being rector of a large and picturesque parish in Worcestershire. I was born in the Parsonage in the year—. Well, on second thoughts, I had better not give the date.

My mother died when I was only two weeks' old. It is not my intention to indulge in moral reflections; but perhaps I may be allowed to say that, had my mother's life been spared, and I possessed the advantages of her counsel and care in my early days, the sea of my life might have been smoother.

To make matters worse, my father was a stern man; and, although I believe he did all for me that his disposition would allow, I cannot say he ever wisely sought—and I can certainly affirm he never gained—my love.

Nevertheless, he was popular enough with his parishioners—with the rich and gay, because he enjoyed their society and tolerated their "follies;" with the middle-class, because he went through the duties of his office at least creditably; and with the masses, because—thanks to the education imparted by their "superiors!"—they still have sufficient superstition left to fear a white neckcloth and the title of "Reverend."

I know it is the right thing for girls to reverence and love their fathers. But would it have been right in me to pretend that I loved mine, when all the time I did nothing of the sort, and when his personal qualities and conduct were not fitted to rouse any such feeling on the part of his only child?

It must not be thought, however, that I acted rudely or unkindly towards my father. On the contrary, I always sought to please him and render him all the comfort and help within my power.

Nor, I think, did I ever manifest any disobedience, except at a time when he endeavoured—most wrongfully and cruelly endeavoured—to compel me to do something which had better never be done but in obedience to one's own heart.

Among the frequent visitors at the Parsonage was the son and heir of a wealthy old landed proprietor, whose Hall was only some three miles from our dwelling, and whose family, of course, attended Church. This young representative of our local "aristocracy"—he was twenty and I was seventeen at the time to which I refer—was what is commonly and correctly known as "a fast youth." After leaving Oxford, where his "course" had been both discreditable and short, he went to Paris and London, and there—as we were informed in Worcestershire—"completed his education." When he returned to his father's Hall, and again presented himself in the old parish Church, he seemed as one who had just passed through a long and painful illness. The fine colours imparted by youth, fresh air, and health were now erased from his countenance.

"Mr. George"—the words George Beaumont formed the Alpha and Omega of his name—"Mr. George," I said one day, as we strolled across the lawn, richly studded with snowdrops, in front of the Parsonage, "I'm afraid the air of London and Paris did not suit your constitution."

"Why do you think so, Miss Latimer?" he drawled out in the most approved fashion of the time.

"I think it because I see it," was my straightforward reply.

"Ah! well," he said, "I daresay you're right. The English and

French capitals did not exactly agree with me. I don't mean their air, Miss Latimer, but—let me see—their style; yes, their life. Everything is so fast there, you know, that a fellow sometimes gets run off his pins before he knows where he is or what he is about."

"A quiet life in a quiet place, with pure joys and moderate means, is better in every way, especially as the one preserves and the other destroys health."

"Pardon me," he broke in; "but it strikes me you speak in ignorance. How slow and dead and correct is everything here. Why, to me the country seems a place where human beings are buried before their time, and while yet alive. City life, on the contrary—with its whirl, its transformations, its surprises, and its freedom—if fast, is deucedly jolly."

I had heard, at least read, much in praise of city life previous to the occasion of which I speak; and I confess I had often wished—particularly within the preceding two years—that I saw more of busy streets than deserted lanes, of fashionable squares than pigstyes.

George Beaumont and I had just reached—I don't pretend to say whether intentionally or accidentally—a beautiful retired arbour as he began to grow eloquent in his laudation of cities.

"Let us rest here a short while," he said, "and I shall tell you all about it."

Quick enough to discern that I had grown an interested listener, he grasped me by the hand, and thus were we welcomed by the leafy arms of the arbour.

To repeat all that was said would be uninteresting as it is unnecessary.

"The girls of London and Paris were so handsome, so loving, so free from cant, so loveable!"

This was the kind of language in which he indulged to weariness.

"But," he added, at the same time throwing his arms round me, "country girl though you be, I love you more than the lot of them."

"Mr. Beaumont," I said, tearing and tossing his arms from me, "have you lost your senses?"

"Indeed, I have," he answered, laughing; "your beauty, Lizzie, has bewitched me fairly."

"Miss Latimer, please, Mr. George Beaumont."

"Very well, Miss Latimer; I suppose it's only that philosopher of a schoolmaster who is permitted to call you Lizzie?"

Though naturally of a fiery nature, I had managed to control myself pretty well until the present; but now the blood boiled within my veins, and I rose to depart, saying—

"It matters not, George Beaumont, who may; but you, at least, may not, and shall not, address me in such familiar terms."

"Not so fast!" he said, angrily, at the same time laying hold upon me and pulling me back on the seat.

Greater physical strength being on his side, I felt myself helpless in such a struggle.

"Let me go," I cried, "else I shall cry for help."

"Ask me not," he answered, "and to scream will make things worse for yourself."

"Hands off!" I exclaimed, and, springing to my feet, I dealt him a heavy blow on the face with the ivory handle of my parasol.

Rushing towards the Parsonage, I was soon within my own room, where for some time I wept most bitterly, from shame and rage.

George Beaumont returned to the Parsonage soon afterwards, remaining about an hour with father, and then leaving for the Hall.

Of course, I did not see him; but I learned from what my father said to me the same evening that he had complained of my conduct that day—the scoundrel that he was, and is, for he lives still.

I was too enraged to say much to my father when he mentioned the

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

matter. Nor was my bitterness lessened by the intimation that it was his special desire that I should cordially receive the addresses of Mr. George Beaumont, of the Hall.

It is impossible for me to think and write calmly of it even now.

Here was I, a simple, innocent, country girl of seventeen, coldly and peremptorily told to whom I should give my heart and hand. What mattered it that it was a clergyman and a father who was the dictator? Instead of bettering the case, that only made it worse.

My father knew right well that there was one whom I really did love, not in obedience to his or any person's command, but because my heart so willed and wished it; and yet, presuming on the fact that I was his motherless daughter, he informed me that I ought to love, or feign to love, this young aristocrat, whose physical frame was shaken by debauchery, whose morality was an unknown and unknowable quantity, and who, I felt, was a stranger to pure and holy love.

"What, father!" I said, having somewhat recovered from the surprise and shock occasioned when he first hinted at such an attachment or alliance. "What, father; a woman's affections cannot be put up and sold to the highest bidder, the same as Squire Beaumont's sheep and oxen!"

"Don't be insolent, girl," he answered; adding, in his worst mode and tone: "I meant nothing of the sort; but love should be regulated by sense, in cases, at least, in which that quality exists."

I remained silent, well knowing that he could hit harder with words than I could.

"Many a lady in the land," he observed after a time, "would be proud of such an offer."

"Of what offer?" I inquired.

"Young Beaumont's hand in marriage, of course."

"No such offer has been made to me."

"But it may, and will, if you only play your cards rightly."

"Oh, father!" I said defiantly, rising from the chair, and standing erect before him like a piece of statuary, "slay me if you choose; but, if left in life, seek not to restrain me from loving whom I please."

"As your father, I am entitled to exercise power as well as love, and you must become George Beaumont's wife."

"I shall enter into wedlock with Death first," I cried, as I left the room in a state of frenzy, scarcely knowing what I was doing or where I was going.

I have spent a few sleepless night's in the course of my life; that one was only the first of a series.

CHAPTER II.—"BY HEAVENS! I'LL MURDER HIM!"

The heart when deeply moved, goes out to those it holds dearest. We love that person best whose presence and sympathy are most desired in seasons of grief or joy.

It was this that made me think chiefly of one in the midst of my trouble. Whatever others might do or say, I knew that he, at least, would listen to me, feel for me, help me all he could.

Harry Walton was the only man who seemed to understand me and inclined my affections towards himself as naturally as a flower bends in the direction from which it gets most light and warmth.

He was six years my senior, and we had then known each other for nearly two years.

Engaged as teacher of the school connected with father's church, as well as a member of our choir, we were thrown into each other's company a good deal.

In manliness, manner, and intelligence, he was the very antipodes of George Beaumont. Not only was he well read, but he had a way of putting things in conversation which, if I know anything of my sex, always presents special attractiveness and gives the greatest amount of information to women.

When in his company I felt inexpressibly happy; when absent my chief delight lay in giving him the first place in my thoughts. The truth was, I had glided into love, and I believe Harry Walton had gone through a similar process.

But I need not flatter myself and weary the reader by recalling the many joys of which we together drank.

The object of this narrative is to give a series or sort of kaleidoscopic views of the principal events in my life, not to linger over details.

Our affection had its dark as well as its bright side. Father's opposition was the black cloud which passed over our young hearts and threw over them the shadow of a great fear.

He questioned me sternly as to my whereabouts when I went out alone in the evenings; and when he subsequently found that I was often in Harry's company, he grew angry, and threatened that if he heard any more reports of the kind he would see that another schoolmaster was engaged.

But my love was not to be crushed by interference prompted by pride and not by any regard for his daughter.

A few evenings after the scene with George Beaumont I left the Parsonage, intending to have a short quiet walk by myself.

After strolling along the beautiful country roads for about an hour—thinking with bitterness of Beaumont and with fondness of Harry Walton—I found myself approaching the retired little cottage where the latter lodged.

Had I been a very discreet and not over-natural girl, probably I should have retraced my steps. But, as it was, I continued my course, for the best of all reasons, which was that I desired to see Harry.

And I found him at work in the well-kept garden which skirts the roadway. It was a tryst of hearts.

For a few minutes we stood conversing, the hedge between us. Then he came round to where I was, and we sauntered along, neither knowing nor caring where we were going so long as we were fellow-travellers.

Nature was in one of her loveliest moods. But for the occasional warblings of some happy bird—which sang, probably, because it and its mate were particularly joyous and amorously disposed that charming evening, and in that exquisite scene—universal repose prevailed, as if everything and every creature were satisfied beyond measure with the grand luxury of life.

And so would it have been with Harry and myself but for the cruelties of caste.

Our conversation lagged considerably, chiefly on my part. The fact was, as the reader will understand, I wanted to say something special to Harry that night; but I laboured under the double difficulty of fear to say it and ignorance as to how to begin to say it.

Upon observing this, Harry, looking me in the face, said: "Come, Lizzie, you're not yourself to-night; tell me, dear, what it is that's on your mind."

The appeal was made in such a way, and came from such a quarter, that I could not resist it; and so I told my companion all I had suffered lately at the hands both of George Beaumont and my father.

No sooner, however, had I finished the rehearsal of my woes than I bitterly regretted having done so.

I had not proceeded far with the story when Harry put on a stern, almost savage, appearance, which increased in intensity as I went on, and by the time I concluded his eyes glared in their sockets, his hands were clenched, his whole frame was agitated. The stolid silence he preserved completed the picture of one who evidently meant mischief.

On we walked slowly and in silence, my heart failing within me.

"Oh! Harry," I said at length, in fitful accents, "you're not angry with me?"

"No, Lizzie," he replied, calmly; "but," he added, with fearful fierceness, "I am angry with someone."

"But you'll not do anything desperate rashly," I pleaded.

"By heavens! I'll murder him!" he answered; and, as he said this, he stood still, and dealt a blow at some imaginary foe as if felling him to the ground.

I drew back aghast; for, although I well knew how deep and strong was his love, his looks and manner were enough to terrify me.

Then we moved along the road, again in silence; and on rounding a sharp turn, immediately afterwards, picture my horror upon seeing father and George Beaumont about a hundred yards away, coming towards us.

I endeavoured to express my surprise and alarm to Harry in looks; but his eyes, retaining their wild appearance, were steadfastly fixed on the ground, and he neither read the anxious questionings in my face nor saw the two who approached.

"See who comes," I whispered, seizing him gently by the arm; "meet them not, but return at once."

He looked up, and, seeing who it was that approached, he pulled himself erect, his eyes flashed, and a lightning gleam of satisfaction lit up his every feature.

"Turn, Harry, for my sake!" I said.

"No, Lizzie, both for your sake and my own, I welcome this unexpected meeting," was his proud rejoinder.

By this time we had met. It was a meeting of opposing currents.

Father stopped when he was level with me; George Beaumont passed

on slowly, giving me a haughty bow; Harry remained opposite father and myself, impatiently moving his foot among the rank grass growing by the side of the road.

"You know this is contrary to my wishes and commands," father said to me.

Then, turning to Harry, he added—"Mr. Walton, these clandestine interviews with my daughter must cease."

"I was not aware, sir," Harry answered, turning round, "I was not aware that our meetings at all partook of a clandestine character. Indeed, I deny it with all the earnestness and honesty I possess."

"But I say they are," father rejoined, with warmth, "and I tell you, once and for all, that you must never see each other alone again."

"Oh! father," I broke in.

"You need not speak, girl," interrupted father, suddenly, loudly, angrily. "The thing must end now, and for ever!"

As he said this, Beaumont, who had got only a few yards from where we stood, turned round, and indulged in a low laugh of triumph.

Hearing this, Harry advanced to him in a few treads as measured and slow as the beats of my poor heart were hurried and fast.

"May I ask, Mr. Beaumont, what you have to do with this?" he said.

"Only this—that I relish seeing presumptuous fools like you taken down a peg," was Beaumont's answer.

I knew that this sneer was the little lucifer which would inevitably cause an explosion such as all of us might live to regret.

"George Beaumont, withdraw those words, or I'll punish you where you are," demanded Harry, who stood within a foot of his adversary.

"Apologise to an upstart like you?" said Beaumont. "Never!" and with that he struck at the other with the handle of a heavy dog whip which he held in his hand.

But Harry cleverly caught the weapon on his arm ere the blow had reached its full force, and, closing with his rival, before I could rush forward and endeavour to part them, he seized him, lifted him in the air as a dog does a rat, and hurled him violently into the bushy edge which separated the highway from the fields.

"You villain!" exclaimed father, springing forward and striking at Harry's head with his stick.

"Don't be so foolish, Mr. Latimer," Harry said, as he grasped the stick in his right hand. "You see where Beaumont lies. It is not your profession, but your age, and the fact that this girl, whom I love, calls you father, which saves you from sharing his fate."

"That girl!" sneered father, at the same time dealing a blow in my direction.

I rushed in behind Harry for safety.

"So you would shelter yourself there, would you?" asked father, following me.

"Yes," Harry replied; "you ought to be, I am, her protector, and I mean to shield her against all the world, even against her own father, when he seeks to do her harm."

Brave soul, I knew he was honest in what he said, and father, seeing he could make nothing of two such persons as were now at bay, began to show some solicitude as to the fate of Beaumont.

The wretch was not killed; but he was in a truly sad, though richly-merited and highly-ludicrous, plight. After quitting the company of the hedge into which he had so unceremoniously been tossed, he rolled into the arms of a ditch, whence in course of time he had managed to extricate himself, and he now lay among the grass by the roadside, making use of no more insulting language, but trying to soothe the wounds he had received from the thorns and remove the mud which had attached itself to his aristocratic garments.

Just then a neighbouring farmer's cart drew up, into which he was lifted, and, accompanied by father, he was conveyed in solemn procession to the Hall.

As they left, father looked round and said, "You go straight home, girl, where I shall see you soon. As for you, Mr. Harry Walton, you'll hear further of this."

That threat was carried out, a warrant being issued the next day for the apprehension of Harry Walton. But his enemies were too dilatory in their operations, for he fled during the night as I learned from a note, in which he merely added: "If you should not hear from me for some time don't be alarmed, dearest. You know I must conceal my whereabouts, at least until the passion of our enemies has had time to cool. How much I should have liked to see you, even for a minute before,

going; but that could not be. Bear up, darling, and we shall meet again."

"It never rains but it pours. It was so now. Harry was being pursued like a felon. His name and so-called "crime" figured on the page of every newspaper. Father's health broke down completely under the excitement of these events. On the morning of the fourth day after the encounter he was found in bed a corpse, having died, the doctor said, of apoplexy.

Left, at the age of seventeen, to face life friendless and almost penniless, it could not be said that my prospects were the brightest and best.

[To be concluded next week.]

'TIS WHAT WE WISH YOU.

[BY SPEX.]

T he present frost has come, as it might see	M
H ither to wish us all, e're 'tis too lat	E
E ach usual compliment before the yea	R
C omes to an end, an end so very nea	R
I t seems but right that we adieux should pa	Y
T o this old year, tho' 'twere not politi	C
Y ears should recur like this, where Fortune's breat	H
J umbled all evils, whether far or nea	R
A nd yet, 'twas not the year's fault, so will	I
C ome forth and say farewell, and none the les	S
K indly for ills gone by. Now only wha	T
D awns in the future be our present drea	M
A trade revived, good credit, and again	A
W ell-planned, well-earned, and merited succes	S

Our Princess.

[BY F. C. C.]

IN the halls of wealth and splendour,
Sounds of mourning, tears of woe,
Voices hush'd in silent anguish,
By a fell and bitter blow.

For there lies, in marble stillness,
Fairest gem that earth hath seen—
Princess Alice, good and noble,
Daughter of our own lov'd Queen.

Who, long years ago, so bravely,
When a kingly spirit fled,
With a loving, deep devotion,
Watch'd beside that sufferer's bed.

And when hearts were bow'd with sorrow,
O'er that Prince's silent bier,
With sweet words of consolation
Strove to dry the mourner's tear.

She has seen one tiny treasure
By disease and pain laid low;
Yet, with silent resignation,
Never murmur'd at the blow.

But with love so deep, so tender,
Watch'd it fading day by day;
Kiss'd the pale lips of her darling
As its spirit soar'd away.

Then, in perfect meek submission—
Struggle over—victory won—
Bow'd her head and softly whisper'd,
Not my will but Thine be done.

Oh, fair Princess, kind and gentle,
Tender mother, loving wife,
Thou hast fought this life's stern battle—
Perish'd nobly in the strife.

Not a home throughout fair England,
Where the reaper Death hath been,
But will mourn our Princess Alice,
Shed a tear for England's Queen.

GENERAL LEE one day found Doctor Cutting the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" "Because," replied Lee, "you are in love with yourself, and you have not a rival upon earth."

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester. PURCHASE or (if or small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, on invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.



The City Jackdaw of Next Week will be published on Tuesday, the 24th. Advertisers and Newsagents are requested to send in their orders as soon as possible.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT superstitious people will believe more strongly than ever now that the 14th of December is an untoward day for our Royal Family.

That the expressions of deep regret and sympathy called forth by the untimely death of the Princess Alice showed once more what a warm place the Queen holds in the affections of her people.

That a majority of 136 in the Lords, and of 101 in the Commons was almost more than the Government expected.

That the Tory phalanx is not yet broken up, at least in Parliament.

That, however, the Liberals have the satisfaction of knowing that the tide has turned against the Ministry in the constituencies.

That Beaconsfield does not at all like the Liberal victories at Maldon and Bristol.

That the distress goes on getting worse and worse both here and throughout the country at large.

That the Government proposal to grant some assistance to the sufferers in the Rhodope district filled one with amazement.

That while our own people cannot get bread to eat or clothes to put on, our Conservative Government wanted to feed and clothe their friends the Turks.

That, what with this fearful weather and this "festive" season, the poor should not be forgotten during the next fortnight.

That the criticisms of the City Jackdaw are helping to improve the management of the Club over the shops in Cross-street.

That the Club was actually closed by one o'clock the other morning.

That the gas bill comes to be heavy when the place is kept open till two a.m.

That the Pendleton and Broughton tramway cars didn't run on Sunday, although the snow was no deeper there than on Monday, when they did run.

That everybody had their own reason for this extraordinary display of "masterly inactivity."

That one man—a wise fellow—said it was because the Company wished to pay some small amount of respect to its conscience and the Fourth Commandment.

That another—equally wise—solemnly declared that it was because of the death of the Princess Alice; for *he* knew it.

That a third—wiser than the others—struck in saying he knew better; it was on account of the Liberal victory at Bristol that the cars were not running.

That a fourth—a fellow of infinite jest—said the cars were off the lines because the horses were on the loose and the drivers on the spree.

That the City Jackdaw—as usual, the wisest of the lot—said, and says, that it was because the Bosses thought it would not pay.

That the City Jackdaw wishes everybody A Merry Christmas!

WHAITE'S GERMAN FAIR.

AMIDST the prevailing distress which casts a gloom over the enjoyments of Christmastide, it is pleasant to turn again to an exhibition the contemplation of which makes us almost forget the misery which is visiting so many a home at this festive season. Whaite's German Fair is an exhibition which is essentially characteristic of the time of the year, and vies even with the time-honoured pantomime as an attraction to both old and young. We have often had to say that each year's exhibition surpasses its predecessor, and this year will be no exception to the rule. During the past year the world's fair has been held in Paris, and amongst the many articles to be seen there toys of all kinds occupied no inconsiderable share. Mr. Whaite, with his usual enterprise, has kept this in view, and possesses in his huge bazaar specimens of almost every article of this class which could be seen at Trocadero Palace. The Christmas tree is still a feature of the exhibition, and the basement this year is, as may be well imagined, a reproduction on a smaller scale of the portentous events now occurring in Afghanistan. The mountain passes are reproduced with marvellous fidelity, and the pomps and pageantry of Eastern warfare is shown in all its barbaric splendour. Camels with their mountain batteries are seen ascending the rocky fastnesses which are crowned with gloomy fortresses, and which seem almost as inaccessible as the eagle's eyry. The picturesque costumes of Hindoo and Afghan, with their innumerable camp-followers, are pre-Raphaelite in their accuracy, and all the accessories are in harmony. Of the toys itself it is almost impossible to speak. The French again take the palm for delicacy of construction and artistic finish. It is easy at once to see which are French, for this nation still holds its own, nay, is almost unapproachable in the manufacture of articles requiring taste and elegance in their finish. The Americans are entering into competition in this respect very largely with the French and Germans, but there is a lamentable deficiency in matters of taste, although the mechanism of some of them are very clever. The Germans, as usual, are to the fore in the class of cheaper toys. In fact, their almost inexhaustible resources of the raw material, wood, render it difficult for other nations to compete in this respect. One of the most wonderful toys in the exhibition is a swimming figure, which, on being wound up and put in the water, shows itself a perfect master of the art of natation. A kaleidoscope which, by a peculiar mechanical contrivance, enables it to change its hues very often, is sure to be popular. Figures waltzing, old women washing and ironing, acrobats dancing, athletes going hand-over-hand up a pole, ladies at their toilette, niggers playing the fiddle, musical boxes which change their tune from a harmonium to that of a harp, with countless other inventions, meet the eye at every turn, and testify to the great gulf which exists between the toys of our childhood and those of the present day.

GOODWILL TO MEN!

NOW Christmas with his jovial cheer,
The joy of childhood's heart, is here,
And soon in spite of wintry weather
By festive summons drawn together,
The beaming host the guests shall greet,
Who by his fair spread table meet,
While friendship's hearty pledge goes round,
And merry laugh and song resound.

But let us not amidst our mirth
Forget that sorrow haunts the earth,
And that beneath affliction's blow
Now grieve alike the high and low;
There sits within her palace proud,
Her mother's heart with anguish bowed,
The Sovereign lady of the land,
While round her sorrowing peoples stand.

To those who mourn the dead no tears
Can give again the vanished years,
For never since the Son of God
By Jordan's hallowed waters trod
Hath man e'er drawn again the breath
Stopped by the ice chill hand of Death.

But, for the wants of those who live,
Our hands relief may freely give;
By thousand hearths which plenty blessed
Gaunt Hunger sits as Christmas guest;
And starving parents vainly still
Seek work their children's mouths to fill.

Be ours the task their woes to cheer,
By following in the footsteps dear
Of Him whose festival we hold,
Who fed the multitude of old.
Then freely lend a helping hand
To feed the hungry of our land,
And write again with loving pen,
The blessed words "Goodwill to men."

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

CHRISTMAS WITH POOR FOLK.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS found poor Mrs. Granton in a sad state of distress. For months past everything had been going wrong with her. Badness of trade had so reduced Mr. Granton's income from his business that the family had been obliged to cut down expenses in all directions. First, the extra pair of ponies had gone; then the family season ticket for the theatre had not been renewed; two out of five servants had been discharged; the plan of sending the two eldest girls to Germany in order to "finish their education"—a humorous phrase, by the bye, for most girls who "finish" their education in Germany, or elsewhere, have not yet begun it at home—had been given up; father talked of taking the boys away from college and putting them to business at once; and in many other ways the family began to find a change in its circumstances, and to feel, as they said, what it is to be poor.

There was only one element of satisfaction in this state of things, and that was that the Grantons were not under the necessity of making such strenuous exertions to keep up appearances as they would have had to do if reverses had befallen them at an ordinary time. Most of their friends were in the same strait as themselves, and when all were retrenching, no loss of caste was suffered by the individual who followed the example of the rest.

For, as they all gloomily remarked, something must be done if they were to keep out of the Bankruptcy Court. Of course the obvious and proper thing was to reduce the workpeople's wages; then when wages had been so reduced that the hands could not live on less, and trade nevertheless continued bad, the only reasonable and fair method was to discharge the hands altogether. If that plan failed, as it had done in most cases, all that remained to do was to fall back on the last resource, painful though it was, namely, that of reducing private and personal expenditure. The fact that such a step had to be taken by the employers is, of course, abundant proof of the folly and stupidity of the *employés* who preferred to starve on nothing rather than work for the same wages.

And so trade was in this state, and the workpeople at the mill all gone wrong, and all things getting themselves turned topsy turvy out of sheer inability to stand any longer on their legs, when Mrs. Granton began to think about her preparations for the Christmas season, with a heart saddened by the thought of unwonted privations in store.

For indeed there was no avoiding the stern reality. Christmas-tide in the Granton House would have to be very differently kept this year from what it used to be. They might have the usual dinner party, an evening dance too might possibly be managed, but the ball must be given up as hopeless. Ever since she had been married, Mrs. Granton had played the part of hostess at a Christmas ball, and it will, therefore, be easily understood that the poor lady should feel the sacrifice keenly. Even the dinner party would have to be a small one, not thirty or forty as of old, but fifteen or twenty at the most, and the pang which this occasioned in the bosom of the Granton family was second only to that caused by the abandonment of the traditional ball. Reflection on these privations was still further embittered by the knowledge that, bad as trade was, both the ball and the dinner might have been given if, at the beginning of December, the people at the mill had not chosen to strike against another reduction of 10 per cent, and so made the completion of certain contracts impossible. The thoughtless working classes little know what pain their folly occasions to many worthy families like those of Mr. Granton.

CHAPTER II.

"It'll be a poor Christmas for the children this year," said Mrs. Smith to her husband, as they sat over the tiny fire, trying to extract from it such warmth as it possessed before they went to bed.

"Ay, ay, missis," said her husband, "there'll be precious little Christmas for us this year. We'll hear the bells ring in the morning, and that's about all we'll know of it."

"Nay, Tom, it won't be quite so bad as that. We shall be able to get something for the children I hope."

"Well," said Tom, "I don't know where it's to come from, seeing we had no money to buy aught but a pot of taters for dinner to-day. Jones, the butcher, and Turton, the grocer, won't give us tick any longer, 'cause they know there isn't much chance of my going back to work for a good

while, and I don't blame 'em, for I don't see how they're to get paid if they did."

"Why couldn't Mr. Granton wait till Christmas was over before he gave notice of the reduction. Bad as it is, it wouldn't have been so bad if you all hadn't turned out till after Christmas. Perhaps it would have been better not to turn out at all."

"Perhaps it would," said Tom; "but we must make a stand somewhere. If wages are to be reduced every three months we shall soon be working for nothing. Times are bad, I know; but somehow it seems as if we had to bear all the burden. However, it's no use talking, it won't mend matters, it won't give us a Christmas dinner, so the kids will have to go without this time."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Mrs. Smith, with a twinkle in her eyes. "Who knows but what we shall be able to get a regular good feed for them after all."

"Well, well," said Tom, shaking his head mournfully, "we might do lots of things if we only knew how to manage it, but we don't, so it's no use thinking about what might be so long as we know it isn't going to be."

"But perhaps it will be, Tom. Suppose I had the money to buy our Christmas dinner with, what would you say then?"

"Well, I'd say you must have sto—found it."

"No, Tom, I didn't find it, but I've saved it, and here it is," said Mrs. Brown, producing a handful of copper intermixed with a few silver coins from her pocket. "Here it is, four shillings and sixpence, every hap'ny of it saved up on purpose for the children's Christmas dinner."

"God bless you," said Tom, delighted. "You're a perfect wonder. Who'd a thought we had such a mine in the house. Oh, we'll have a dinner now and no mistake."

"That we will, Tom. It won't be a goose, with stuffing and plum pudding, as we had last year, but we must be thankful for what we've got. We'll have a big dish of liver and bacon, and maybe a pudding—made without eggs mind you, for they are too dear—and possibly there'll be sixpence left for oranges for the children. We must do something for 'em in that way, you see, because we can't afford to take 'em to Belle Vue this year."

"That's true," said Tom, "but I'll take 'em out and show 'em every-thing poor folk can see for nothing in Manchester, which isn't much certainly. But I say," added he suddenly, "how about poor Jim Stone and his missis, whose just got another young un. Might'n't we—"

"Give 'em something out of this?" said Mrs. Smith hastily. "Dear me, how forgetful I am. Of course, Tom, we must help them a bit. Now, if we were to go without the pudding I might take across one of these two shilling pieces to them, and they want it, Lord knows."

"Yes, yes," said Tom, "take it across, there's a good soul. We shall make a splendid dinner on the liver and bacon, and I don't think the children'll mind the pudding so much if we promise them one six times as big next year. We'll have a regular poor folk's Christmas."

And so it was settled that Mrs. Smith should run over to Mary Stone's in the morning to wish her the compliments of the season, and give her the florin. And then they went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

One woe did tread upon another's heels, so fast they followed on. Mrs. Granton was in despair. She had reconciled herself to one sacrifice after another, and yet all would not satisfy that insatiable Moloch, Bad Trade. Now, unkindest out of all, he actually demanded that the evening party—itsself the poor shadow of the ball that ought to have been—should be given up.

"You see, love," said Mr. Granton, as they sat at breakfast one morning, "money is particularly tight just at present, and I really do not see how we can manage the dance. I can't afford to spend more than fifty pounds or so on Christmas festivities, and the party alone would cost that."

"Fifty pounds!" cried Mrs. Granton, "whatever can I do with that. Why, the girls want new evening dresses, which they positively must have, for their old ones are completely worn out"—by which the good lady merely meant that the said dresses had been worn about half-a-dozen times—"then I shall want a good many things for myself, which are absolutely indispensable, and if we are to invite people to dinner we cannot treat them like beggars. Really, dear, you must see that it is quite impossible for me to provide for the ordinary necessities of the season on such a ridiculously small sum as you name."

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

"I'm very sorry, but spending more is quite out of the question. The fact is, the conduct of the hands at the mill has embarrassed me very considerably, and I shall have to use every exertion to meet bills which fall due soon."

"But why did you give notice of the reduction before your contracts were completed? Surely, you could have waited a few weeks?"

"Well, the truth is, I was rather annoyed by threats of resistance which came to my ears, and determined, therefore, to begin at once, even to my own loss, as it turns out."

"The working classes are certainly most dreadfully unreasonable," said Mrs. Granton, in a bitter tone, "their obstinacy is really astonishing."

"However," replied the master of the house, "matters stand as I have said. We must do the best we can, and tell our guests that they have come to spend Christmas with poor folk, and must make allowances."

And so with many sighs and protestations concerning the impossibility of doing anything with fifty pounds, even when increased to sixty, as it was after some coaxing on her part, Mrs. Granton set about her preparations for Christmas. And indeed, the difficulties with which she had to contend were even greater than she had supposed. Everything was horribly dear; game had gone up to famine price; truffles were worth their weight in gold; grapes and pine apples were almost forbidden fruit; and when Mrs. Granton had completed the purchase of absolute necessities like these, she might well look with dismay at the small sum left to provide other necessities equally absolute, in the way of dress, for herself and the dear girls.

"Decidedly," said she, almost with tears in her eyes; "our guests will soon find that they have come to spend Christmas with poor folk. I shall be ashamed to have the dinner announced. There will actually be scarce enough to eat."

As a matter of fact this was not quite the case. Only twenty-five were invited, and there was ample for fifty at least. It is, however, well understood that no dinner can be called a successful one unless more is left than has been eaten.

To do Mr. and Mrs. Granton justice, they did not attempt to conceal their straitened circumstances from their friends, more especially as they were sure of receiving sympathy which would not have been accorded to them but for the fellow feeling, or rather, in this case, fellow suffering, which makes us so wondrous kind.

The party was not altogether of a very cheerful kind. The pressure of want naturally tends to damp the spirits, and though Mr. and Mrs. Granton did their best to be cheerful, yet the thought of having to ask their friends to sit down to a dinner which had cost at the outside twenty-five pounds, was of itself enough to sadden the lightest heart, to say nothing of other *disagreements* to which poor people are inevitably exposed. The guests, too, had their own troubles to relate, some of them even worse than those of their hosts—which was a great consolation to the Grantons—and many were the sighs and commiseratory remarks on the hardness of the times exchanged between members of the party, as they partook of turkey stuffed with truffles, and sipped the *vins fins*, which were amongst the items in the meagre bill of fare that the hostess had been able to provide.

And when the ladies had retired the conversation took quite a serious turn, and much logic was expended in proving what all were agreed upon, namely, that the depression of trade was primarily due to the Gladstone Cabinet, which had brought things into such a mess that even a Tory Government could not set them right, and secondarily to the waste and extravagance of the working-classes—propositions which surely no candid thinker could dispute.

So the dinner party could at best only be called a partial success, for it was anything but a gay affair. And Mr. Granton, as he took leave of his guests, smiled a sad smile, and told them that they knew now what it was to pass Christmas with poor folk.

CHAPTER IV.

Christmas morning found Mrs. Smith wonderfully busy in making preparations, considering how little she had to prepare. But, as the good woman said, there is a great deal of comfort in making believe, and therefore she made as much fuss about the liver and bacon, and the cabbage and potatoes, and the rice pudding made without any eggs, as if she had had a real dead turkey and a veritable plum pudding to offer her family. Of course the sitting-room had to be decorated, and there was plenty of evergreens for the purpose, because little Jack and his brother Tim had gone such a long way into the country to get it, and, I fear, had

been obliged to owe the proprietor the money, as he was not there when they took the goods.

And a famous show the holly and laurel made when it had been stuck all round the room wherever there was a picture to support it or an ornament—there were not many—which would receive it. When they had finished the work of decoration the place looked "so like Christmas," as mother said, that Jack and Tim clapped their hands and shouted again. And then father came down dressed in his best clothes, and they all put on their hats and went to the park, where they had such a magnificent slide on the ice, and such fun in playing at catch-as-catch-can, with father, who couldn't slide nearly as well as they could, that all three of them came back as happy as kings, with an enormous appetite for dinner.

And how good the dinner was to be sure! Not a goose stuffed with sage and onions like they had last year certainly, but a good big dish of liver and bacon done, oh, so nice and brown, that when father said he really thought liver and bacon just as good as goose, if not better, Tim and Jack said they were quite sure it was, and mother said so too, though a tear glistened in her eyes momentarily as she did so. Then it was also moved by father, seconded by both Tim and Jack, and carried *nem. con.*, that the pudding—made without eggs—was every bit as good as plum pudding and much more healthy, whereat the tears came into mother's eyes again, and she had to turn away to get the half-dozen oranges which were the final and crowning triumph of the whole feast.

In the afternoon father and the boys went off to slide in the park again, while mother went off to poor Mary Stone's to see how she was getting on, and to help her a bit, for as Mrs. Smith philanthropically observed, "One must do what one can for the poor in these hard times." And in the evening they all came home to tea, father and the boys, a little late, because on their way home they had waited a little, out of curiosity, to see the guests arrive at Mr. Granton's in their fine carriages, the horses so greatly exciting the admiration of Tim and Jack that they could not be got away until the last carriage had driven off. After tea, at which they ate what remained of the pudding, they all gathered round the fire—and oh! such a little scrap of a fire it was, that looked half-ashamed to find itself alive—and mother told them all about poor Mary Stone, and how thankful she was for the florin they had sent her. And they talked too about what a merry Christmas they had spent, and said how sorry they were for those who were not so well off as themselves, until the fire, which had got more and more ashamed, went clean out, and they all went to bed, where unseen fingers drew the curtains of the night around them, and brought them pleasant dreams of many more happy Christmases to come.

And the angel from whom I learnt all this in a dream had a sternly pathetic look in his eyes as he told me these two stories about CHRISTMAS WITH POOR FOLK.

GERTRUDE OF BASLE.

[BY J. B.]

FREELY the wine cup was emptied around,
And wassail and toast o'er the board resound;
For the students of Leipsig, assembled there,
Have broached the rich vintage of Rhineland fair
In honour of he who presides at the board,
Whom they look on at once as their chief and lord;
And the coming of age, their revelry tells,
Of the youthful baron of Stolzenfels.

Handsome and proud, at the table he sate,
Lord of huge castle and wealthy estate,
Profligate, reckless, yet looked on by all
With an unspoken dread, as they bowed to his thrall;
For he added a duellist's infamous fame
To other false qualities wanting a name;
His pistol meant death, and none lived to relate
That his rapier was sharp as the scissors of fate.

Utterly callous to reason's control,
Heedless of consequence, hardened in soul—
His good-will and friendship was eagerly sought,
And even at personal sacrifice bought;
For a grave always seemed to be yawning for those
Whom the baron of Stolzenfels counted as foes;
And beauty and innocence trembled, for there
Not a hand was stretched forth in defence of the fair.

And many sad stories the students could speak,
Of the bloom that had left many a beautiful cheek;
Of many a distracted and fevered brain,

WORMALD'S PILLS are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS,
Bones, 1844, and 2s. 9d.

Through a blighted young life and a lover slain;
And the fiend of success seemed to weave his spells
Round the youthful baron of Stolzenfels,
Until all approached him with bated breath,
Whose friendship meant shame, and his enmity death.

And though fifty goblets were crowned with wine,
Sparkling and fair as the beautiful Rhine,
And though fifty guests at the board were seen,
Their laughter was forced, and their joyless mein,
As their goblets they drained in response to his call,
Seemed to cast a gloom o'er that banquet hall;
And the baron of Stolzenfels saw, with a frown,
That no laughter was there, unalloyed, but his own.

And one young student, that near him was placed,
Deigned not the goblet to raise, or to taste;
But mutely sat at the table there
With folded arms, and with diffident air;
As fair and as comely a youth was he
As ever graced banquet or company;
And the baron of Stolzenfels could not divine
Why he should sit there, and should drink not wine.

"Now fill me your goblets, friends, one and all,
To the Beauty of Leipzig, whom mine I call:
There be many maids that are bright and fair,
But none that in beauty with her can compare,
And the man who is sad when her eyes look on,
Is fit for a hermit's cave alone—
Then fill me your goblets, and drink, one and all,
To the health of my light o' love, Gertrude of Basle!"

And that health is drunk round with a right good will,
But there stands one goblet untasted still;
And that young student's gaze, who so boldly rebels,
Is fixed on the baron of Stolzenfels,
Who starts from his chair with a wrathful cry,
As he meets the gaze of that calm blue eye;
"Drink, laggard!" he cried, "or I swear by the rood,
I will write up my toast in thy malapert blood!"

Calmly the student arose then, and said,
"I taste not this wine at thy bidding afraid,
But one drop I take to a name that is pure
As the snow on the mountain-top, so to endure
When thou art forgotten, its sole disgrace she
Feels that of this night being uttered by thee—
The bloom from her cheek thou shalt not drive away,
And her lover, base murderer, thou shalt not slay!"

"I heed not thy scowl, for I thus that disgrace
Wash, with this wine, from thy slanderous face!"
The goblet's contents o'er the tyrant were flung,
Whilst a cry of astonishment round the place rung;
And the face of a fiend the malevolence tells
Of the profligate baron of Stolzenfels,
As he bade the young student prepare for his doom,
For with life he should never depart from the room!

"I fear not his weapons of death," said the youth,
"Stand aloof, fellow students, there's room here for both;
Here are ready-charged pistols—the deed's quickly done,
But I stand not at ten paces, five, nor at one,
No, my breast to thy muzzle, and thy breast to mine,
And fire as that clock gives the first stroke of nine;
I shall fall, but I gladly give my life to-night,
Fair Leipzig to rid of this infamous blight!"

With face white as marble the proud baron took
The weapon in hand, like an aspen he shook;
He had never feared foe—he had played off with death,
In his long-practised skill he had implicit faith,
But his long-practised skill could avail him not now,
And the cold, clammy dew stood in beads on his brow;
And, before the short moments had fully expired,
Ere the signal appointed—the baron had fired!

Execrations arise at the treacherous deed,
And then blank amazement and wonder succeed;
For there stood the youth, as erect as before,
And the baron his weapon let fall to the floor—
"Assassin, and coward!" the student said then,
"Canst thou ever claim to be numbered with men?
Base dastard, take heed that thy life now is mine,
I shall fire when that clock gives the first stroke of nine!"

Then for mercy the baron of Stolzenfels prayed,
And, with scornful accent, the young student said—
"Behold the terror of Leipzig's belles,
The gay, proud baron of Stolzenfels!
So lightly the pistols, with powder, were charged,

That no harm had ensued had they both been discharged;
And now, from that fawning hound, turn one and all,
And behold in his conqueror—Gertrude of Basle!"

Then lightly was lifted the close-fitting hat,
Which the student had worn whilst at table he sat,
And the glorious curls, that immediately spread,
Like a halo of gold, round that beautiful head,
Burst on their sight like a golden shower,
And a ringing cheer showed its wondrous power—
And the baron of Stolzenfels passed through the door,
And the terror of Leipzig was seen no more!

THE PRINCE'S PANTOMIME.

THE first performance of the Christmas pantomime, *Puss in Boots*, was given at the Prince's Theatre on Saturday evening last to a large audience, which came evidently with every desire to be pleased with all it saw, and to applaud all that pleased, but which finished up by roundly hissing the performance when the curtain fell. On a first night of so intricate a performance as a pantomime—with all its involved stage arrangements, its profusion of scenery, its crowd of performers—we need be prepared to see and to overlook many slips, and to note many arrangements which experience only can make to go smoothly; but it was not failure of this kind that the audience on Saturday evidenced its displeasure with. *Puss in Boots*, it is to be feared, lacks many of the essential ingredients that make up the "Go" without which a pantomime becomes the stupidist of stage productions. Where, in this pantomime, do we find the brisk and sprightly dialogue, half foolishness, half sense, the madness, but the method, too, that constitutes the exquisite foolery of a successful Christmas play? Where are the sly jokes and pokes at the foibles and weaknesses of our rulers, imperial and municipal? To be sure, we have once, a mention of a "scientific frontier," which the audience, eager to seize the slightest excuse for applause, took up and approved of "in the usual manner," and we heard, too, of the clock whose hands go not, and once, the name of Mayor Grundy; but that is the whole catalogue. Where are the puns, good or bad; the jokes of action or words? They are like the plums in the sailors' pudding, which the cook forgot to put the fruit into. Where are the novelties in scene, or scenic manipulation? Where the merry songs, the blithesome dances? Surely a bad, wicked fairy has crossed this play at its birth, for these things, in a great measure, are not. Only the boldest surgery can save the patient; limbs must be sacrificed and transfusion resorted to, and this, no doubt, will be at once undertaken. If we speak thus of the pantomime as a whole, as put before us at a first performance, it must not be supposed that there is nothing that is well arranged or pleasing. Some things are good; the scenery is capital throughout, particularly so in the "English Beechwood" by summer and winter, and the "Cornfield." In the latter (scene 5) the brightest and pleasantest bit of the whole performance occurs, the Harvest Home festivities, where a crowd of children dressed as reapers, and gleaners, and chaw-bacons, romp about the stage as only children can romp, and seem to enjoy their romp as only children can enjoy. A "Naval Review," where four boats sail about the stage, is a novelty, and when the sailors have learned how to manage their craft, will be a successful one. The dresses, designed by Mr. Thompson, are all most excellent. Nothing need be said of the Harlequinade, which is absolutely destitute of incident, or scheme, or fun, and is saved from utter collapse only by the introduction of the Leopold Brothers, three acrobats and an infant tumbler, who go through a wonderful tumbling performance, with an ease and perfection we have never seen excelled, and earn more applause than all the rest of the performers. The principal characters are in competent hands. Mr. John Wainwright, whose appearance was warmly greeted, is the "Archduke Cockolorum," but he has not yet found in the part much scope for his talents; his strongest point is an imitation of Mr. Sothorn, in Lord Dundreary, but his "widdles" are more insufferable than the noble lord's own. Mr. Doyle is "Roger," one of the defunct miller's nephews, and Mr. Hicks is "Rory," the second nephew. Miss Kate Lawler is "Robin," the third nephew, the owner of the *Puss*, and she plays and sings her part with great spirit, standing out as decidedly the most successful figure in the pantomime. Miss Emma Chambers is the all-powerful "*Puss*," and Miss Kate Bertram is a pretty "Princess" for "Robin," Marquis of Carabas, to fall in love with.

"How old are you?" asked a railway conductor of a little girl whom her mother was trying to pass on a half-ticket. "I'm thirteen at home, but in the train I'm only nine-and-a-half," she innocently replied.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.
Pots, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

POETS AND THE FAIR SEX.

[BY G. M.]

WHAT a debt of gratitude the world owes to woman, and what a debt of gratitude woman owes to poetry! By poets, women's praises have been beautifully sung, and by them women have been immensely raised in the social scale. Their qualifications, or otherwise, for voting for members of parliament may not appear in song, but many other and higher qualities in women have been held up for admiration by nature-given and true-souled poets. A poet like Solomon may occasionally have said things about women which do not redound either to the fame of the writer or the character of the company which he kept; but the rhyming tribe have, in a general way, been loud, and, for the most part, faithful, in their delineations of the best traits of every true woman—speaking of her as she ought to be, and generally is, “a ministering angel.” And here we find Robert Burns in the front ranks—if, indeed, he do not lead the van, head and shoulders above every other, when woman is the subject of his verse. Hear him:

“The gust o’ joy, the balm o’ woe,
The soul o’ life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu’ o’ yer mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye’re connected wi’ her.
Ye’re wae men, ye’re nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.”

But all poets have not seen fit thus to praise the fair sex. Some appear to have been unsuccessful in their love-suits, and, therefore, they have written much about “woman’s inconstancy.” It was not to be expected that they would always catch their game, especially as they have too often run after more than one bird at a time. Practically, they have shown no small amount of liking for the opinion that it is well for man to have more than one help-meet, and bitter disappointment has, as it ought to be, been the result. A Scotch poet of considerable note waxed rather angry on this subject:—

“I loved thee once, I’ll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before—
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again
Hath better store of love than brain.”

Poor William Drummond! I am sure we are all sorry for him—if that can do his shade any good.

Like the most of us, poets have not got everything their own way when women’s voice had to be heard in the matter. We therefore find one of the fraternity making the following reference to some fickle coquette:—

“Hast thou seen the down in the air
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou marked the crocodile’s weeping
Or the fox’s sleeping?
Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride?—
Oh! so fickle; Oh! so vain; Oh! so false, so false, is she.”

The same poet had evidently been altogether unfortunate in his love affairs. He had quarrelled with his sweetheart—or, at least, with one of the lot—as persons in love will quarrel, and that pretty often, too—so he wrote:—

“I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should’st thou have mine?”

a very excellent way of settling the dispute, all must admit. But a greater than Sir John Suckling knew something about the bitter side of man’s and woman’s love experience, though arising in this instance from a different cause:—

“Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted.”

Shakspeare said that “maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.” This is quite correct, I suppose; and I am inclined to add that the sky sometimes changes even when they are maids.

But the sweet singers among men have said so many beautiful things about love and women, that what we don’t like in their writings on these subjects sinks into comparative littleness and nothingness. This, I think, is particularly the case with the writers of Scotch songs. What could be grander than the following four lines from “Maxwelltown Braes?”—

“Like dew on the gowans lying
Is the fa’ o’ her snawy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet.”

Hear the pathetic lament of Burns in “My Nannie’s Awa:”—

“The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o’ the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o’ Nannie—and Nannie’s awa.”

But not less exquisite, if, indeed, not more so, are Tannahill’s four lines:—

“How sweet is the briar, wi’ its soft fauldin’ blossom!
And sweet is the birch in its mantle o’ green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o’ Dumblane.”

All great poets have been great admirers of the fair sex, as, of course, all great men must be. Indeed, this love for women may, however paradoxical it may appear, be said to have been at once their dearest blessing and their worst curse. It was this love which aroused their muse from her slumbers. It was this large love experience which enabled them to sing in numbers to which all human hearts must ever beat in divine harmony. But this love, at the same time, did them no little harm—and this is the kindest and gentlest way in which I can express my meaning. But, whatever may have been their faults, they generally entertained true and exalted opinions of love itself, and of women, too. Let us respect and revere the rhyming fraternity for having made married people think more of their marriage, and for having made bachelors and maids more anxious to get into the state of connubial bliss—if they can.

“Then with love in thy heart to all things,
Come to the sunny dale,
And gaze on the love of Nature,
The Spirit that loveth well.

And it shall be that thy spirit
Shall drink of God’s spirit there,
And the love that is in thee grow greater
From the love that is everywhere.”

If only men and women had acted upon half the good advice given to them by our friends the poets, this world would not have been such a bad place at all. The world is well enough; it’s the men and women in it who work the woe.

CROSTON AND GLADSTONE.

MR. JAMES CROSTON is a man of many parts; but he is never so successful as when he is playing the part of some low-bred bully.

As chairman of the Lancashire Union of “Conservative and Constitutional Associations” he had occasion to deliver another of his windy harangues on Saturday last. In alluding to the next general election, he said “he hoped the electors of Manchester would remember the utterances of Mr. Jacob Bright at Prestwich, and relieve the city from the odium and disgrace of being represented by such a personage. Mr. Gladstone had bidden farewell to Greenwich, and, like a well-bred dog he had gone out before he was kicked out by the constituency. Mr. Gladstone had been invited to come to Manchester, but he believed the Conservatives, with two such candidates as Mr. Birley and Mr. Houldsworth, would have no difficulty in carrying the election.” How like the man! Mr. Croston is much more likely to be kicked out of a place than Mr. Gladstone. But the fact is, Mr. Croston and his Constitution-alists don’t like the idea of Mr. Gladstone coming here. The chairman went on to say that he believed the country was never more Conservative at heart than at the present time, and when the Government could go into the division lobbies and come back with a majority of over a hundred there was no need of a dissolution of Parliament.” Exactly; the present mercenary Government will put off the dissolution as long as possible. Mr. Gladstone won’t be here in a hurry if Mr. Croston and his friends get their way. “The country with them?” And this is the sort of lie they tell even after Maldon and Bristol. Never mind! The election must come in spite of them; and then we shall see who’s kicked out!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw* 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY’S NEUROTONIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6 of chemists.

DECEMBER 30, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

The Patent Glass Veneer Company Limited.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862, 1867, & 1877.

CAPITAL, £25,000, in 5,000 Shares of £5 each, payable £2 on Application and £3 on Allotment.

DIRECTORS.

Sir FRANCIS CHARLES KNOWLES, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., Mayfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
Sir HENRY VALENTINE GOOLD, Bart., West Croydon, Surrey.The Hon. JAMES TOBIN, 14, Alexander Square, South Kensington.
HUNTER STEPHENSON, Esq., 3, Newman's Court, Cornhill, London.
JAMES BUDD, Esq., 51, Wentworth Road, London.

SOLICITOR—JAMES EMMETT ROBSON, No. 7, Chapel Walks, Manchester.

BANKERS—THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER LIMITED. (London Agents—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.)

REGISTERED OFFICE—3, NEWMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL, LONDON.

PROSPECTUS.

The principal objects for which this Company has been established are:—

- (a) To adopt and carry into effect a contract bearing date the 21st day of September, 1878, and made between James Budd of the one part, and Henry Norton as trustee for and on behalf of the Company of the other part, for the purchase for the sum of £20,000 of the Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, granted to the said James Budd, for an invention of "Improved methods of decorating glass to be used as a substitute for veneers."
- (b) To manufacture make and sell the said decorated glass, and also panels, furniture, mouldings, and other articles of every description, into the composition or construction of which the said decorated glass shall enter either wholly or in part.

The above-mentioned contract is the only one entered into by the Company or the Promoters, Directors, or Trustees thereof, before the issue of this Prospectus, and together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and samples of the Glass Veneer can be seen and prospectuses, forms of application, and all further information obtained at the offices of the Company's Solicitor.

In the manufacture of high-class furniture, inlaid work and internal decorations, the most important element of cost consists in veneering ornamental woods upon common wood surfaces, and polishing such veneers. The expense of making, fixing, and polishing good veneers is so serious that numerous imitations and substitutes have from time to time been introduced, but without satisfactory results. One great objection to wood veneers is that each successive cleaning removes a certain amount of polish, and consequently repolishing is periodically rendered necessary. Moreover, expensive furniture, whether veneered or solid, is daily deteriorated by ordinary use, and frequently damaged by careless handling.

Mr. Budd's invention consists in the production of glass plates or panels covered on one side with an imitation of costly wood, inlaid work, or ornamental designs, while the uncovered side represents the polish. The glass veneer possesses the following advantages. A perfect imitation of any wood can be produced at less than half the cost of wafer veneers. It is more durable and more beautiful than polished wood. It retains an everlasting freshness and diffuses a brilliant light. It is not affected by extremes of heat, cold, or damp, gases, chemical, or other vapours or acids. It is suitable both for interior and exterior decorations, and for the ornamentation of furniture of every description, especially wainscots, cornices, sideboards, desks, counters, office fittings, doors, staircases, hall stands, dining-room tables, and in fact every article which now requires the use of costly woods. It can be used wherever any other veneer can be placed. It can be cleaned as frequently as desired without any injury, and cannot be damaged by ordinary use. For sanitary purposes it is unexcelled. For decorating the doors, walls, floors, and ceilings of carriages, cabins, saloons, houses, hotels, banks, churches, and public and private buildings of all kinds, it is unequalled. It can be cleaned with water in the

same manner as a window, and hence rooms and carriages covered with it can always be preserved perfectly free from damp and in a healthier state than those decorated with wood, paint, or paper. For inlaid work it so far surpasses ordinary veneers that no comparison can be drawn favourable to the old process, and designs may be produced which are quite impossible under the old system. It takes the place of and is in many respects superior to, fresco painting. Frescoes are always liable to crack, to be damaged by cleaning, or by damp or heat, and cannot be removed after having once been placed on a wall or ceiling. The Glass Veneer panels are fully equal in appearance to frescoes, they cannot be injured in any way, being practically indestructible, and they can be removed and used elsewhere. Few things are more provoking than a cracked ceiling, especially where a great outlay has been incurred in decorating it, and yet an uncracked ceiling is to-day a rarity. A ceiling covered with Glass Veneer cannot be cracked, it is superior in appearance to a painted ceiling, and moreover cannot be injured by the vapours or fumes from candles, lamps, or gas. Added to all this the panels can be removed without injury. The Glass Veneer cannot be stained by ink or other fluids, or by finger marks, or otherwise. For chess tables, signs, inlaid lettering, and marqueterie work the Glass Veneer is especially adapted. It can be used in the place of marble slabs in the construction of furniture, and while far cheaper than, and not so liable to breakage as, marble, is much superior to it in ornamentation.

The Glass Veneer is strongly recommended on account of its beauty, durability, cheapness, and cleanliness. It has an infinity of uses, it saves both time and labour, it never looks worn or second-hand, its lustre is lasting, and being practically indestructible, is the only veneer suitable for exterior decoration.

The cost of production of the Glass Veneer is considerably less than one-half the price of the commonest wood veneer. The necessary plant and machinery are comparatively trifling, and unskilled labour is principally employed. Extensive and remunerative orders are daily offered, and the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer can be commenced and proceeded with on a large scale immediately the capital of the company has been subscribed.

The directors point to the foregoing important facts, and have no hesitation in saying that a more genuine or more remunerative investment is seldom met with, and they look forward with the utmost confidence to a very large annual dividend upon the paid-up share capital of the Company.

The Glass Veneer has been largely used in the United States and in Canada for some years, and has given the most complete satisfaction. The Superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; The President of the United States Master Carbuilders' Association, and many other gentlemen have written to Mr. Budd in the highest terms of praise of his invention, and numerous American and Canadian newspapers have noticed it most favourably.

The purchase money to be paid for the invention and Letters Patent is £20,000, payable half in cash

and half in fully paid-up shares of the Company. £5,000, being the balance of the paid-up capital of the Company, is required for working expenses.

It should be stated that Mr. Budd has spent upwards of £16,000 and many years of his life in performing numerous costly experiments and so bringing his invention to its present high degree of perfection.

It is proposed to acquire in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, premises suitable for the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer, and to keep in stock panels and made-up furniture of all kinds.

The Company has taken power to issue share warrants payable to bearer, which can be transferred without any deed, notice, or registration whatever.

A Form of Application for Shares is annexed. Should the shares applied for not be allotted, the deposit of £2 per share payable on application will be returned in full. Should a smaller number of shares be allotted than the number applied for, the amount of deposit in excess will be applied towards the payment due to allotment, and the balance (if any) be returned.

THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.

The Companies Acts, 1862, 1867, and 1877.

CAPITAL £25,000, in 5,000 Shares of £5 Each.

Form of Application for Shares.
(To be retained by the Bankers.)

To the Directors of the above-named Company.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the credit of the Company at your bankers the sum of £..... being £2 per share on my application for..... shares of £5 each in your Company, I request you to allot to me that or any less number of the said shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same and to pay the balance in respect thereof, and to be registered as a member of the Company on the terms of the Memorandum and Articles of Association thereof.

Name in full.....
Occupation.....
Postal Address.....
Date.....
Signature.....

THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.

Banker's Receipt.

(To be signed and returned to the Applicant.)

Received this.....day of.....187..from Mr.....the sum of £..... in respect of an application for.....shares in the above Company.
£.....

N.B.—This may be forwarded entire to any Branch of the Union Bank of Manchester Limited; or to Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. The Banker's Receipt will be returned to the Applicant, and must be preserved in order to be exchanged in due time for share certificates.

WILSON'S BAZAAR,

235 and 237, STRETFORD ROAD, Near Radnor-street.

The Cheapest House for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS in Glass, China, Earthenware, Lustres, Vases. Combs, Satchels, Purses. KITCHEN UTENSILS in Tin and Iron, Brushes, Baskets.

TOYS AND DOLLS IN GREAT VARIETY. CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.

The Motto for the Times—Buy a Good Article at a Low Price. Glass and China let out on Hire.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

CONTAINS three times the strength of ordinary Coffee, and is strongly recommended by the most eminent of the medical faculty as an agreeable, palatable, and medicinal beverage. See report of Dr. Hassall, M.D., author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c.; also, Otto Hehner, F.R.S., Analyst. Sold by most respectable Grocers and Chemists, in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. Tins. Wholesale in Manchester from W. Mather; and the Manufacturers; and Goodhall, Ackhous, and Co., Leeds.

WEST OF ENGLAND SOAP COMPANY, 47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.

WILLIAM BROWN, AGENT.

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

SIZING SOAPS AND FANCY SOAP.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

WILLIAM BROWN,
47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER,

SOLE MAKER AND PATENTEE OF

BROWN'S PATENT BOILER COMPOUND, STANNATE OF SODA,

FOR PREVENTING THE INCRUSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS.—(REGISTERED.)

No Connection with any other firm.—AGENTS WANTED.

A LIST OF POPULAR MEDICINES.

THE LONDON PATENT MEDICINE CO.

Keep the following first-class preparations on hand, and for being the best medicines for their different purposes they can give their unqualified endorsement, knowing that in each case they will give entire satisfaction. They are kept by no other house in London, we having secured the Sole Agency. We will, therefore, on receipt of price attached, send them to any part of the world, securely packed and free from observation.

Money may be sent either by Cheque, Post-office Order, Registered Letter, or in Postage Stamps. All letters to be addressed and Cheques made payable to—

LONDON PATENT MEDICINE CO., 4 & 5, Agar Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Ringwood's Cancer Specific.

The introduction of Ringwood's Cancer and Tumour Specific into this country, has utterly exploded the common theory that cancer is incurable. It must be pleasant for persons afflicted with that dreadful disease to know that one course of Ringwood's Cancer and Tumour Specific will cure the worst form of cancer or tumour without the necessity of any surgical operation. By its timely use many hundreds of lives have been saved. It instantly removes all pain. It is, undoubtedly, the greatest medical discovery of the 19th century. A full course, which is nearly sufficient for any case, sent securely packed and free from observation to any part of the country on receipt of 20/-

Ayer's Optic Fluid.

Cures all Diseases of the Eye and Dimness of Vision. Gives immediate beneficial results. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

Canton's Neuralgo-Rheumatic Elixir.

For the immediate relief and permanent cure of Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Gout. Three bottles will permanently cure the worst case. Sold in bottles at 2/- each, or 2 for 10/-

Dent's Anti-Fat Remedy.

For the removal of corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. It will reduce a fat person from three to six pounds a week. Sold in bottles at 2/- and 7/6 each.

Reid's Kidney Remedy.

It is not a CURE ALL, but for diseases of the Kidneys and the Bladder it is a SPECIFIC. It is convenient to carry, pleasant to take, and does not taint the breath, and positively cures all forms of Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

Potter's Alkaline Resolvent.

For Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, and Accumulation of Gas on the Stomach. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

Phosphoric Air.

A medicated vapour for the immediate relief and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, and all forms of Throat Diseases, Epilepsy, Loss of Vigour, Impotence, and all Diseases of the Lungs, Air Passages, Nerve Centres, and Brain. Do not despair, hesitate, or doubt, for it never fails, and is the truly a Specific. It is a medicated vapour applied on a new and scientific principle, the use of which has saved thousands from a premature grave. To persons suffering from Lung and Nervous Diseases, it is invaluable, as it goes at once to the air passages and brain, imparting tone, vigour, brain power, and vital force to the most depressed. Being very pleasant to use it can safely be taken by the most delicate. One Month's Treatment and Inhaler sent securely packed to any part of the country on receipt of 20/-

Holden's Ear Drops.

A sovereign cure for Deafness and Discharges from the Ear. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

Henley's Headache Pills.

For immediately relieving and permanently curing all forms of Nervous and Neuralgic Headache. Sold in boxes at 2/6 and 4/- each.

Arnold's Vitaline.

This is a beautiful nervine, possessing the power of curing nervousness. It also relieves and cures morbid sensibility of the nerves, weak nerves, nervous twitching and tremulousness. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

Arlington's Bloom of Violets.

For beautifying and restoring the complexion.—Ladies, do you want a pure blooming complexion?—If so, a few applications of Arlington's Bloom of Violets will gratify you to your heart's content. It removes sallowness, redness, pimples, blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It makes a lady of 25 look like 20; and so naturally and perfectly are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

Butler's Vigorine.

The Famous Hair Producer. It produces hair on the head and face in the shortest time of any preparation before the public. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

Allen's Constipation Pills.

For the cure of Constipation and Piles. Sold in boxes at 2/6 and 4/- each.

LONDON PATENT MEDICINE CO., 4 & 5, AGAR STREET, STRAND, W.C., LONDON.

THE "EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS

HAS GAINED

TWO PRIZE MEDALS AND TWO CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

The patented and peculiar arrangement of the "EXCELSIOR" ensures complete isolation where two or more occupy a bed, the principle of construction effectually preventing depression in the centre.

To be obtained from Cabinet-makers, Upholsterers, &c.

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS FROM CHORLTON AND DUGDALE,
19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.

CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING SOCIETY LIMITED,
Office—17, Balloon Street, Corporation Street.

Works—New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.

PRINTERS, STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS, MACHINE RULERS, ACCOUNT-BOOK
MANUFACTURERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, &c.

The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kinds of Commercial Printing
JOHN HARDMAN, MANAGER.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

MARSDEN'S

ESTABLISHED 1850.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,
CABLE STREET, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.

BRUNSWICK STREET FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

THOMAS JOHN WINSON,

Dealer in New and Second-Hand Parlour, Kitchen, and Bedroom Furniture.

Houses completely furnished on the Hire System, or otherwise. Large or Small Lots of Furniture Bought.

126 and 128, BRUNSWICK STREET, about equal distance between ARDWICK GREEN & OXFORD ROAD.

D. JUGLA,
COURT GLOVER,
51, DEANS GATE (BARTON ARCADE),
MANCHESTER.

IS NOW SHOWING THE LATEST

PARIS NOVELTIES IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TIES, SCARFS, &c.

A Large Assortment of his Renowned

PARIS KID GLOVES.

Great Success of the Patent

GAUNTLETS AND DUCHESSE GLOVES.**FANS—A SPECIALTY.**

AGENT FOR ED. PINAUD, PARIS SELECTED PERFUMERY.

D. JUGLA'S

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS:

PARIS, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.

Glove Manufactory—2, RUE FAVART, PARIS.

Card of Samples of Colours and Price List of Gloves sent post free on application.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard
Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his
stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom,
all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast
Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 43, Lower
King Street, Manchester.

**T. MAUDSLEY,**

PRACTICAL OPTICIAN,
RULE & MATHEMATICAL DRAWING
INSTRUMENT MAKER,

SPIRIT LEVELS, MEASURING TAPES, &c.

No. 13, (ON) ALBERT BRIDGE, Bottom of Bridge Street,
MANCHESTER.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES of the best construction and quality,
accurately adapted to the various defects of vision. Repairs promptly executed.

THE MONEY MAKER'S GUIDE;
OR, SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

JUST PUBLISHED. PRICE ONE SHILLING. POST FREE.

EGGS FOUR A PENNY!**POULTRY FOURPENCE A POUND!!**

JUST PUBLISHED. PRICE ONE SHILLING. POST FREE.

LYNKEUS;**Or, How to Convert £10 into £100.**

NO RISK. LOSS IMPOSSIBLE.

ONE SHILLING. POST FREE.

These Three Popular Books are sent, Post Free, for 2s. 6d.

Address:—J. F. NASH,

ARTIST AND ENGRAVER,

75, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



MANUFACTURERS

OF

GILDED GLASS

Tablets,

FOR

Advertising Purposes

FOR

BREWERS

AND

OTHERS.

UMBRELLAS RECOVERED IN ONE HOUR,
AT J. ARMFIELD'S, 14, PICCADILLY.

8

THE CITY JACKDAW.

DECEMBER 20, 1878

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLAISTER
Is indisputably the best REMEDY for external disease ever invented. THEY RELIEVE AT ONCE AND CURE QUICKER THAN ANY KNOWN MEDICINE.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLAISTERS

Positively Cure—
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, PLEURISY, LAMENESS, BACKACHE, EXTERNAL NERVE DISORDERS, KIDNEY DIFFICULTIES, CRICK IN THE BACK, LAMENESS, WEAKNESS OR STIFFNESS OF THE MUSCLES OR JOINTS, and all severe ACHES and PAINS of an external nature.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLAISTERS

Were endorsed by the Medical Jurors of the Centennial Exhibition as well as by thousands of Physicians and Chemists the quickest and best remedy for external use known.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLAISTERS
WILL POSITIVELY CURE COMPLAINTS IN A FEW HOURS THAT OTHER REMEDIES WILL NOT RELIEVE IN AS MANY DAYS.

One trial will convince the most doubting that it is an honest medicine founded on true medical skill.
Your Chemist, or SEABURY & JOHNSON, 11, Jewin Crescent, London, E.C., will supply them at 1s. 1/4d.

I. LEWIS & CO.
Paper Hangings
Manufacturers,
Wholesale and Retail,
60, SWAN STREET,
Three doors from Rochdale Road, and
opposite Smithfield Market,
MANCHESTER.
PAPER HANGINGS!
BORDERS, CENTRES, AND ALL DECORATIONS.
OILS, PAINTS, COLOURS, VARNISHES, PAINTERS' BRUSHES, AND ALL PAINTERS' SUNDRIES.
60, SWAN STREET,
Three doors from Rochdale Road, and
opposite Smithfield Market,
MANCHESTER.
Paper Hangings from 2 1/2d. per 12 yards.
The Trade most liberally dealt with.

"The Economy of Nature provides a remedy for every complaint."

VICKERS' ANTILACTIC is the only certain cure known for RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and GOUT. It has never been known to fail in curing the worst cases, many of which had been given up as hopeless.

Sold by Chemists, in Bottles at 1s. 1/4d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.
Depot:—Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street, London.

Copy of Testimonial
Hughenden, 10th Sept., 1878.

The EARL OF BEACONSFIELD has much pleasure in bearing testimony to the great efficacy of Vickers' Antilactic in curing gout, having taken the medicine during a severe attack.
MR. M. A. VICKERS.

PRICE 2s., POST FREE 2 1/2d.

ABSTRACT of the Weights and Measures Act, containing an explanatory chapter and an epitome of the principal sections and schedules, and a table of sections.

"The Act revolutionises so many matters connected with trade, that this handy and cheap Abstract will be heartily welcomed."—*Wigan Observer*.

ABEL HEYWOOD AND SON, 56 and 58, Oldham Street, Manchester or, and 4, Catherine Street, Strand, London, and all Booksellers.

Just Published. Price 6d.

FIGARO AT HASTINGS.

By CUTHBERT BEDE.

"A pleasant little volume."—*Salford Weekly News*, September 8th.

"Figaro at Hastings and St. Leonard's" is a lively brochure from the pen of Cuthbert Bede. The papers, bright and amusing, first appeared in the columns of the *London Figaro*. Bound in an attractive pictorial cover, they will in their present garb be sure to send a fresh batch of holiday-makers to the favourite Watering-Places which they lisp with pen and pencil."—*Penny Illustrated Paper*, September 15th.

Manchester: ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, and all Booksellers.

CHARLIE KEITH'S CIRCUS, FACING PETER STREET.

WALLET, the Queen's Jester, appears To-night. WALLET and KEITH, the Two Greatest Clowns in England. The Best of Riders, and most Wonderful Gymnasts, all to be seen in one night; for this week only. Friday, BENEFIT of WALLET. Saturday, WALLET will deliver his Farewell Speech.

NOTICE.—Will be Produced, on Christmas Eve,

THE CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME OF CINDERELLA!

Played by 100 Pretty Little Dears.

CHRISTMAS DAY, TWO PERFORMANCES, at 2-30 and 7-30. Boxing Day, and until further notice, Performances will take place Twice Daily, at 2-30 and 7-30.

ADMISSION, 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d.

FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURE
POST FREE ON RECEIPT OF NAME AND 36 STAMPS
USEFUL FOR STAMPING, PRINTING, AND MARKING
J. H. Nash 75, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TRADE MARKS, MONOGRAMS, CRESTS, SOCIETIES, SEALS, INITIALS, LABELS, &c.
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM 1/4d.

Amusements.

LAST NIGHT FOR A LONG TIME.

ALEXANDRA. Non-pruriginous. Solid Man.	9-30.	ALEXANDRA. A-HOOFF.
ALEXANDRA. Miss K. BROOKE. "Captain Cuff."	9-0.	ALEXANDRA. Miss K. BROOKE.
ALEXANDRA. Range of Paris. Flying Gymnast.	8-30.	ALEXANDRA. SANYEAR.
ALEXANDRA. Mr. and Mrs. "Happy Husbands."	8-15.	ALEXANDRA. HEMPHREY.
ALEXANDRA. Mr. LIVINGSTONE. Comical Niggers.	10-30.	ALEXANDRA. Mr. MAGREE.
ALEXANDRA. Miss ELLIS. Scotch Vocalist.	7-35.	ALEXANDRA. Miss ELLIS.
ALEXANDRA. H. RUSSELL. Coming Star.	7-40.	ALEXANDRA. H. RUSSELL.
ALEXANDRA. Open at 7.	1s. and 6d.	ALEXANDRA. Commence at 7-30.

REFECTORY. ALL REFECTORY.
MEETING PLACE OF DAY. MEETING PLACE OF NIGHT.
ALEXANDRA. Look for ALEXANDRA. SOMETHING NEW FOR CHRISTMAS.
ALL THE ENTERTAINMENTS in the CITY combined will not Equal that at the ALEXANDRA HALL.
NOW'S YOUR TIME IF YOU DON'T WANT CRUSHING at the ALEXANDRA HALL.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

Excursion to Scotland for Eight Days.
(WEST COAST ROUTE.)

ON THURSDAY, December 26, 1878,

CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW, via Preston, from Salford, Ashton, Oldham, Rochdale, Heywood, Bury, Manchester, and Bolton.

See bills for particulars.
WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.
Manchester, December, 1878.

Ben Brierley's Journal.

A NEW SERIES,

WITH ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS,

WILL BE COMMENCED WITH THE

NEW YEAR, JANUARY 3.

Weekly Numbers, One Penny.

Monthly Parts, Fivepence.

Printed for the Proprietors by JOHN HARDMAN, at 17, Balloon Street, and Published at 51, Spear Street, Manchester. — December 20th, 1878. MANCHESTER WHOLESALE AGENTS: John Heywood, W. H. Smith and Sons, and G. Renshaw. LONDON: Abel Heywood and Son, 4, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.

Great Reduction in Sewing Machines

at JOHN HOLROYD'S, 159 and 161, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULME. All the leading Machines kept in Stock, and may be had for CASH or on EASY TERMS from 2/6 per week. Instruction Free.